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The XAVIER ATHENAEUM

— ST. XAVIER COLLEGE —

Vol. VII

Cincinnati, O., Friday, January 10, 1919

No. 5

MATT ROLL, MARINE

Chateau Thierry Hero Home for Christmas

Matt Roll, a member of the Sixth Regiment of Marines since July, 1917, visited the College during the holidays. Matt sailed for France last January, and was in the thick of the fight from March until October, when he was taken to the hospital for the second time. His account of Belleau Wood and Chateau Thierry is a thriller. From May 30 till June 5 he fought continuously without rest. At the end of sixteen days of battle he was so badly gassed that he had to go to the hospital. In October he was struck in the leg by a piece of shrapnel. As he was convalescing at the time the armistice was signed, he was ordered home November 25. He was furloughed for the holidays, after which he returned to the hospital in Brooklyn, New York.

Weighing 136 pounds on the day he enlisted, Matt now pushes the scales to 170. He has recovered completely from his wounds, and awaits only the official word of the doctor for his dismissal from the hospital.

He wears a double stripe on one sleeve for a year's service abroad, a similar double stripe on the other sleeve for two wounds, and a crimson braid on the left shoulder, representing seven unit citations for bravery.

We happen to have a letter written by Matt shortly before the end of hostilities, and publish it to give his friends an idea of the interesting line of reminiscences they will hear when he comes back to stay.

Dear Friends:—

I am quite well, and although one of Jerry's shells split a little steel close by where I was standing and sprinkled a bit on my left shin, I am not hurt at all. The slight scratch does not even make me limp, nor keep me in bed, but I am up and around and enjoying another peaceful and restful vacation.

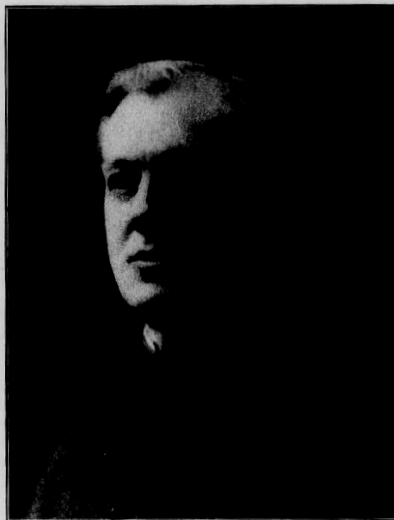
Prior to the opening of the drive we used our hob-nails considerably, and sloppily, every night for more than a week. We were some distance behind the lines, and as we were in the opening scenes of the big show, we had to be on hand for the curtain-raiser, and we were there in spite of all the heavy rains we encountered.

The first big guns let loose on the dot at one A. M., September 12, and the whole sky over the entire front

(Continued on page 3, column 1.)

Father Grimmelsman Dies in St. Louis

Ex-Rector of St. Xavier's



REV. JOSEPH GRIMMELSMAN, S. J.

Rev. Joseph Grimmelsman, S. J., President of St. Xavier College 1908-1911, died at St. Louis University, St. Louis, December 20. Father Grimmelsman never recovered from a paralytic stroke which attacked him in Rome, in March, 1915. An extraordinary power of will enabled him to continue his duties as Tertian Master at Brooklyn, Ohio, until last July. Several months ago Father Grimmelsman was removed to St. Louis for treatment. He died in the University with which he had been prominently identified for many years as Rector and afterwards as Provincial of the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus.

Father Grimmelsman was born in Cincinnati March 17, 1853. He was educated in St. Mary's Parochial School and St. Xavier College. In 1871 he entered the novitiate at Florissant, Mo. He pursued his studies at Woodstock, Md., and in the University of Louvain, Belgium, where he was ordained.

After his return to America he was professor of philosophy at Woodstock, and dean of the Normal School at Florissant. In 1891 he was appointed President of St. Louis University, and in 1898 he was placed in the chief executive position of the Missouri Province. This latter position he held until 1904, when he was made Rector of St. Stanislaus Novitiate and Normal School. From Florissant he was transferred to Cincinnati as President of St. Xavier's, then to Milwaukee as President of Marquette University, and finally to the House of Retreats at Brooklyn, Ohio, as Rector.

Father Grimmelsman was prominent as an executive and educator. He was a personal friend of very many of our Alumni. To these and all who knew him the news of his death brought regret for the passing of one who for years had been a force in the cause of truth and righteousness. R. I. P.

S. A. T. C. CLOSES WITH BANQUET

On the evening of December 20 the soldiers of St. Xavier unit held a banquet at the Business Men's Club. Not one of the members was missing, and everyone was glad he came, for it proved a fitting climax and a memorable closing of the military careers of two hundred men. The various committees which had charge of the affair are to be congratulated on the success of the evening.

Acting Corporal Herbert A. Wuest was toastmaster. He introduced Vice-Mayor Carl M. Jacobs, Jr., who spoke as representative of Mayor Galvin, the latter having been obliged to leave unexpectedly for Washington. Mr. Jacobs proved a worthy substitute. His weighty words of advice to the soldiers who were just about to return to civilian life will not be forgotten.

Mr. Jacobs was followed by our popular Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Huntington. Rev. James McCabe, S. J., President of the College, spoke in the name of the Faculty, and Acting Sergeant Joseph F. McCarthy spoke for the soldiers.

After the set speeches, impromptu addresses were made by Lieutenants Howarth, Gutting and Holmer. Rev. Chas. Baden, Mr. Edward T. Dixon and Mr. Joseph Berning also helped to make the evening pleasant and profitable by their words of appreciation and advice.

A point that was urged by nearly every man who spoke, was the advisability of pursuing studies further. Proofs were not wanting to show that the educated man is the leader in our country today.

PERMANENT ORGANIZATION FORMED

In response to the hearty invitation of Father Baden for the members of the S. A. T. C. to come together periodically at the Fenwick Club in the years to come, the S. A. T. C. members formed a permanent organization on the 21st of December. It was decided to hold an annual reunion. The General Executive Committee was elected to hold office during the coming year. Considering the success of the closing banquet, there is assurance that we have some jolly times to look forward to. The members of this Committee are: E. J. Gardner, Chairman; Earl Westerfield, Treasurer; P. C. Nordloh, Secretary; Joseph Meara, J. E. O'Connor and Louis Eberts.



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Sports..... Henry Bunker
Artist..... Leo Spaeth
Business Manager..... Joseph Goodenough
Circulation Manager.... Ralph Buzek

Vol. VII JANUARY 10, 1919 No. 5

STUDENTS READ "AMERICA"

An evidence of the growing popularity of "America," the "Catholic Review of the Week," among college men, is the fact that one hundred and two single copies of a recent issue were sold at St. Xavier's. They were read, too. The students realize the advantage of devoting an hour every seven days to the perusal of a periodical which summarizes the important news of the week and is replete with well-written articles on all subjects that interest thoughtful people. The "Catholic Literary Digest" is winning the approbation it deserves.

A WELCOME CATACLYSM

Webster defines a cataclysm as "any sudden and overwhelming change." If this definition be accepted it would seem that in all conscience we have had during the last five years a surfeit of the commodity. First the war god, in nineteen fourteen, incontinently dumped the entire contents of his quiver on the head of a world, the larger part of which was beginning to have some faith in the statement that "war is a thing of the past." Next we were treated to the spectacle of Russia, passing from autocratic rule to the wildest Red Republicanism. Then in quick succession came the Bulgarian debacle, the Turkish and the Austrian blow-ups, and then finally, praise be, the collapse of Germany, the arch-instigator of the whole disreputable business, in whose fall are carried to ruin, in accompanying minor cataclysms, unnumbered idols that shall be worshipped no more.

Of all discontented fetishes, perhaps we bid the most hearty farewell to the German ideal of education. For the past two or three decades we have had it dinned into our ears, no less by some in America than by the Germans themselves, that the world's "finishing school" lay beyond the Rhine. By the working of the principle, "*Repetitio est mater fabularum*," we had almost come to believe the proposition ourselves, forgetting the poisoned headwaters of German philosophy from which flowed the sparkling torrent we were bade to drink. It is hardly too much to say that among the remote yet nevertheless real causes of

the Great War are to be classed the pedantic labors of the Prussian, Emmanuel Kant, the "Sage of Konigsberg," in the far-off beginnings of the eighteenth century. He it was who laid down the principle that "Might makes Right." He it was who but a short time ago was acclaimed in a speech by the late German Kaiser, as the moral and religious teacher of the German nation. He and his devil's brood, Nietzsche and the rest, are responsible for the now defunct idea that the ruler of the future is to be the "Superman," whose given name, of course, was to be "German." Their nauseating theories have claimed a far larger share of the world's attention than the really splendid things, notably along sociological lines, which have been accomplished by the non-Prussian section of Germans.

The Prussian educational ideal and the Catholic ideal are antithetical. The one is the embodiment of a now completely discredited materialism. The other, while giving due weight to that which is of earth, insists that we must seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice. While the Prussian myth, before the war, was gaining ground in American educational circles, the Catholic college, stanchly conservative, and not too rich in this world's goods, was sneered at. Now that the insidious nature of the invasion is apparent, let us hope that the world will see that the principles of Catholic education are a real bulwark against the Prussianization of our ideals, and that the loyalty of Catholics to their often financially inferior institutions has been amply justified.

LETTER TO PARENTS OF DISCHARGED S. A. T. C. SOLDIERS

The following letter was sent to the homes of the men when they were mustered out:

STUDENTS' ARMY TRAINING CORPS
ST. XAVIER COLLEGE
Cincinnati, Ohio, Dec. 21, 1918.

My Dear Sir:

In a few days your soldier will receive his honorable discharge and start for home.

He is bringing back many fine qualities of body and mind which he has acquired or developed in the Military Service. The Army has done everything it could do to make him strong, fine, self-reliant, yet self-controlled. It returns him to you a better man.

You have been an important member of that great army of Encouragement and Enthusiasm which helped to make him and all our better soldiers. You can now be a great help in keeping alive the good qualities he is bringing back from the Army, in making him as good a citizen as he has been a good soldier.

His fare and necessary expenses to his home will be paid by the Government. He will receive all pay due him. He may, if he wishes, wear his uniform for three months from the date of his discharge. The Government will also allow him to keep up, for the benefit of his family, his insurance at the very low rate he is now paying.

His return to civil life will bring
(Continued on page 4, column 2.)

TWO MOVIES AND A MINSTREL SHOW

During the last week of the S. A. T. C. the soldiers enjoyed more recreation than was given during the days of strenuous work. They are indebted to Father Finn and Father Reiner for two pleasant evenings of moving pictures, and to eight members of the Company for a surprisingly good minstrel show, gotten up under the difficulties attending regular work. Messrs. Leo Spaeth and Enslinger rendered vocal solos, and the Eckerle brothers and assistants furnished the orchestra.

SIXTH STREET SODALITY ENTERTAINS S. A. T. C.

An enjoyable feature of the last week of the S. A. T. C. was the entertainment given by the young ladies of the Sodality of the Sixth Street Convent. Accomplished vocalists, instrumentalists and elocutionists sang, played and spoke for the boys. And others, not less accomplished in culinary arts, passed around heaps of cake and gallons of lemonade. Our soldiers almost wished that the closing week could last indefinitely.

DEMobilIZATION OF S. A. T. C. EFFECTED DECEMBER 21st

On the evening of December 21 the soldier-boys received their last pay from Uncle Sam and returned to civil life. Lieutenant Huntington and a few men remained for some days to close accounts. Over two hundred members composed the unit at the time of the mustering-out.

So closes a memorable chapter in the history of St. Xavier's. It was brief, as compared with the nearly eighty years of the College's existence, but will be recalled in years to come, when many a longer experience has been forgotten.

LUCKY JERRY KIELY GETS TO FRANCE

Father Eugene Daly has received the following letter from Jerry Kiely, who graduated from the High School last June. Jerry got a late start in active service, but once he began to move, he was very active. He left France and recrossed the ocean, then accompanied the President's convoy to Brest. Now he is in American waters once more.

U. S. Naval Air Station,
Pauillac, France.

Dear Father Daly:—

We left Hoboken on the 28th of October. I came over on the U. S. S. President Grant, one of Germany's ships that we captured. It is one of the largest transports in the service. With us were thirteen transports, two destroyers and a cruiser. The Grant makes about fourteen knots an hour. We were twelve days in crossing, and saw splendid weather until we struck the Bay of Biscay, then we ran into

(Continued in next column.)

"ARMCHAIR PHILOSOPHY."

By Daniel A. Lord, S. J. New York: The America Press. \$0.80.

To the thousands of readers who eagerly followed last year the series of clever papers Mr. Lord contributed to "America," this neat little book will come like an old friend. Basing his arguments on the sound, workable principles of scholastic philosophy, the author first subjects to a ruthless examination the chief intellectual and moral vagaries of today and then clearly lays down the Catholic doctrine on the questions discussed. Those who read works on scholastic philosophy written in English often complain of the dry, unattractive way the matter is presented. Mr. Lord seems to have had such persons in mind, for the style of his book is agreeably familiar, and by the frequent use of striking illustrations, apt examples and modern instances, presented with the literary skill of an experienced writer, he makes the age-old truths of Catholic philosophy intelligible even to that surface-skimming product of our times, the "general reader." Under such titles as "Intellectual Harakari," "The Pilot of the Soul," "Dynamiting the Moral World," "Moral Immorality," "A Cure for Caprice," "The Final Goal," and a dozen other chapter heads, the author discusses from the Catholic philosopher's viewpoint, the perplexing ethical and intellectual problems that every thoughtful man must face nowadays, and offers him the Church's rational and satisfactory solution of them. "Armchair Philosophy" is a book that makes its readers—its friends.—W. D. in "America."

(Continued from column 3.)

a driving wind and rain storm. As the Grant is a very large ship, she didn't do much rolling, but, oh my, how she did heave, all day long.

On the morning of the twelfth day we sighted land, and I can tell you it was a very pleasant thing to see the hills of sunny France.

On a Saturday morning we landed in the harbor of Brest, but it was not until 2:30 on Sunday morning that we

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boarded a motor-launch and were taken ashore to the railroad station. Five hours later we were on our way to Paullac, in box-cars. That's the way they transport the troops over here. There is a sign on the side of the cars, "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8"—which, translated, means that either eight horses or forty humans can enjoy the accommodations of these French pullmans.

For two days and nights we rode in these cars, and I really enjoyed the trip, though we didn't have the comforts of home.

Our camp is a naval air base and quite a big place. Formerly it was the town of Trompeloup.

Everything over here seems to be a hundred years behind the times. Our main trouble is to get next to the French money. It doesn't take long to pick up the language if you half try. The people are generous and treat us well, though they are certainly making a lot of good American money, caring for the soldiers.

Orleans, famed of Joan of Arc, was one of the historical places we passed through on our way here.

Respectfully yours,

JERRY KIELY.



MATT ROLL

(Continued from page 1.)

was considerably illuminated by the flashes of those big boys which made good. They rumbled constantly for five hours, those huge navals, but they were relieved about dawn, when the small ones down to the 75's continued the barrage, which we followed, and the afternoon saw us marching well behind Jerry's lines, with not a single shot fired at us. All the Jerrys in that salient never saw a better day, for those who did not fall were sent back prisoners.

One of them let me have a shoulder strap off his coat, and I am sending it to you in this letter. In little scraps like this, souvenirs are plentiful, but usually I have more to take care of and think of than souvenirs.

This is the sixteenth day since I left the company, and these little trips to a hospital are very interesting, let alone the picturesque scenery enroute, especially through the south. One meets with all kinds of fellows, of many characters.

All of these fellows are real fighters, and most of them dare-devils. But none of them, in my estimation, are

equal to a certain unit in the French army—the Foreign Legion. There were in this legion, when the war began, about forty thousand; only a few thousand of them are left. Ninety per cent are foreigners, from all corners of the world; the balance are French. Ninety-eight per cent of all are, or were, criminals and outlaws, and some worse than that. The other two per cent are those of different countries seeking adventure. This legion has been and still is cited nearly every time they go into action, and they wear every decoration that is given for bravery. Their work has been so wonderful that the decorations in existence were not deemed high enough for these fellows, so they made another and higher one, specially for the Foreign Legion. A French Sergeant, who can speak English, was telling me this when we were nearing their camp. He said they are real men and fear nothing. The more risky and dangerous the errand, the better they like it. For it is agreed by all the Allied governments and the United States, also, to declare them free men, whenever they perform such a stunt as will make them worthy of a citation for a decoration. But of course they are in for the duration of the war. Most of this Legion have been cited many times.

Another French scrappy bunch are the "Blue Devils." They wear a dark blue uniform and certainly do fight like devils.

In a city of northern France where I stayed a while, there was a young Frenchman named Bernard and he said he heard some French soldiers say that the Americans were either "damn fools" or "crazy," the way they fight. An artilleryman from our division here in this hospital was telling me about them and the French handling shells. The small ones, 75's, the French were very careful to pick up one at a time, and carry about a hundred yards to where they were supposed to take them, and then set them down, on end. But the nutty Americans, with as much speed as usual, would get about three yards apart and throw the shells from one to the other up the line, and the last man, instead of setting them on end, would stack up those 75's like so much log-wood. But of course they laid them down carefully, and it was just the idea of stacking 'em up, that got the "frogs." That's a nickname we have for the French.

It is very edifying to see the outward display of religion over here. The boys wear their beads around their neck, and are as proud of them as a Marine is of his emblem; and they all readily admit that their religion is a great consolation and comfort at the front. Our Chaplains also share our little hardships while en route to the front, and especially after we get there, so we almost always have the comfort of receiving the Sacraments, and it is no unusual occurrence for a priest to be seen hearing confessions on a road-side. Our Chaplains sure display grit and daring at the front; they follow closely, and when they see a wounded man, they run up to him, sometimes under the severest fire, to administer the last rites.

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AVONDALE NOTES

Fourth High has adopted the slogan "cheer up!" for the New Year 1919. Cheer up, boys, Scahill will be back when his other engagements no longer interfere with class.

Lost, strayed or stolen—Edwin Mehmet.

A mysterious black satchel on a front desk in Fourth High, that seemed to furnish an inexhaustible supply of edibles at the mere "open sesame" of the owner, recently failed to operate. Guess what happened after that?

If a stable is the proper place for ponies, Wurzelbacher has a wrong conception of X. A.

At least one member of Third High is living up to his name. Did you C. A. Romer anytime during the past month? We didn't.

OUR FAMOUS CAMPS

—us
Ver—
Stein—
Summer—
Caesar's—aign.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

Owing to the first influenza epidemic, it was impossible to hold the first quarterly examinations, and consequently no reports were sent home on the class-notes. But realizing the fact that the parents of the students would be anxious to know what progress their sons were making, the faculty decided to send a report home on the students' class-work only, up to the time of the Christmas holidays.

St. Xavier High School has the distinction of being about the only high school in the three cities at which health conditions were at such a normal stage as to permit regular sessions during the December flare-up of the "flu." The attendance was noticeably lower during this time, but this was caused not so much by the disease itself as by a cautious desire to prevent its being contracted.

On December 10th Mass was read in the students' chapel for the repose of the soul of Donald Gruehlich, the only St. Xavier student who fell victim to the ravages of the Spanish influenza.

On Friday, December 20, the Second, Third, and Fourth Year classes were guests at a very pleasing entertainment given by members of Third and Fourth High. The feature of the evening was a rendition of popular melodies on an instrument called the "Human Organ," a unique device discovered by the Fourth Year class in the physics laboratory.

The High School students learned with regret that Mr. William Houser, S. J., was recalled to St. Louis during the vacation. Mr. Houser came to Cincinnati to help out when the S. A. T. C. was organized. He has gone back to continue his study of philosophy and science. We hope that when he takes up the duties of a professor again, his genial face will be seen at St. Xavier's.

We offer our sympathy to the bereaved family of the late Dr. Joseph J. Cook, who died on December 15.

LETTER TO PARENTS

(Continued from page 2.)

new problems for you both to solve. The qualities he brings back will help you now as your encouragement helped him while he was away, and in your hands and his rests the future of our country.

As his Commanding Officer, I am proud of him. He has done his duty well. I, and his comrades, will bid him good-bye with deep regret, and wish him every success after he returns home—that spot in every man's heart no other place can fill.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES A. HUNTINGTON, JR.,
First Lieut. Inf. U. S. A.

FATHER MILET IN LA BELLE, FRANCE

The signing of the armistice found Father Milet, of last year's High School staff, in Southern France, just about to graduate from a chaplains' school after a ten-days' course—quite long enough, he says. He was reassigned to the 132nd Infantry of the 33rd Division, and ordered to proceed to the neighborhood of St. Dizier. He anticipated the hardest time of the war holding the boys in until they get home. There was a false report that Father Milet had been sent to Siberia.

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Ambrose Cook, a son, is a member of
Third Year High.

Words Could Not Hurt.

"James," said Mrs. Mellow to the

man servant, "can you find out whether the tinned salmon was all eaten last night? I don't want to ask the new cook, because she may have eaten it, and then she would feel uncomfortable."

"Please, ma'am," replied James, "the new cook ate all the salmon, an' no matter what you was to say to her you couldn't make her more uncomfortable than she is now."—Baltimore American.